

No. 6

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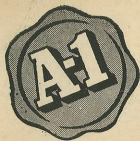






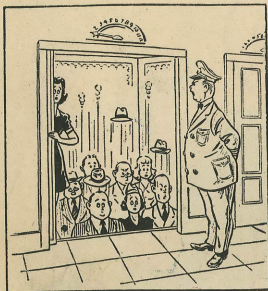
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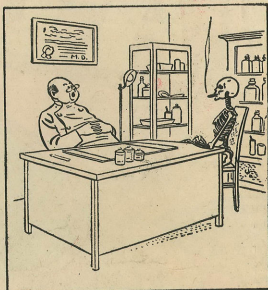


# HUMOR

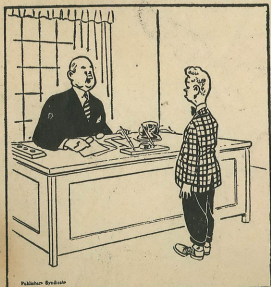
By Dale Mc Featters



"Watch those quick stops, Miss Durkin!"



"You say you're a little underweight?"



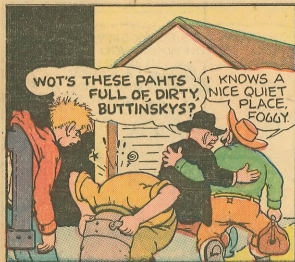
"I don't want to be strict, Mervin, but I wish you'd say, 'Good morning, sir'—not 'Greetings, gate!'"



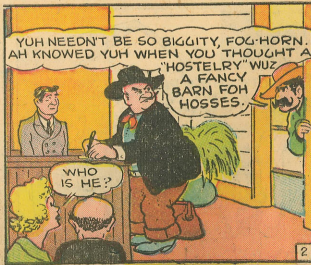
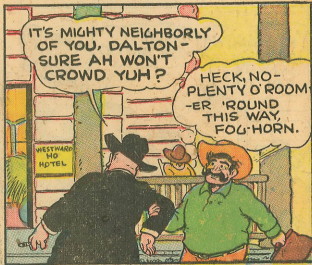
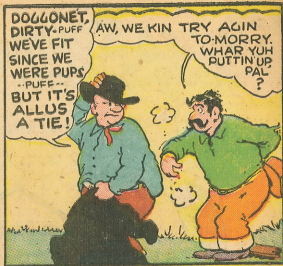
"I believe he's a manufacturer of lawn sprinklers."



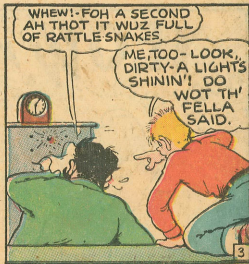
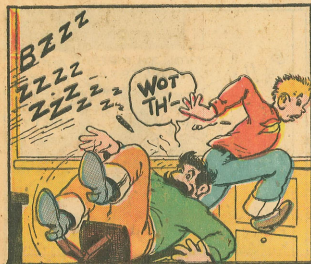
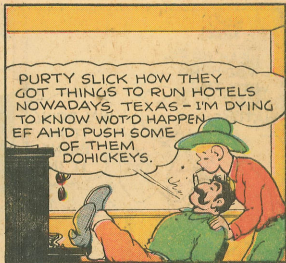
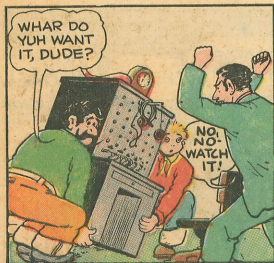
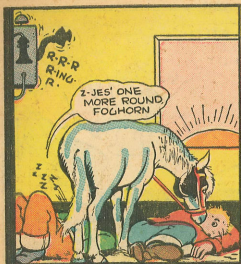
# Texas Slim and Dirty Dalton



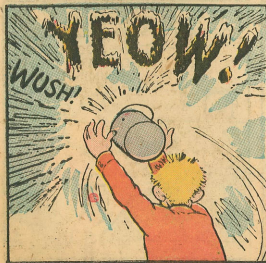
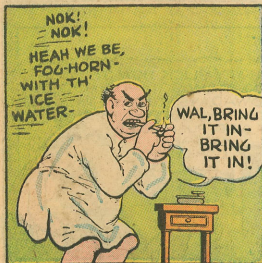




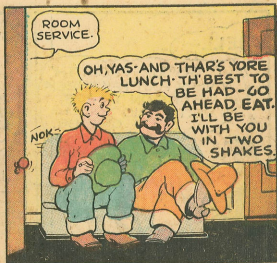
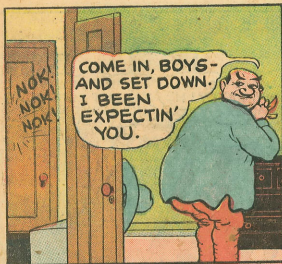
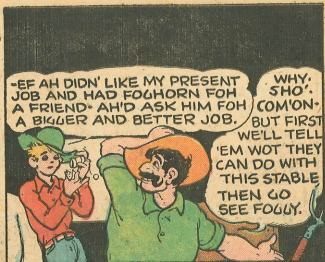




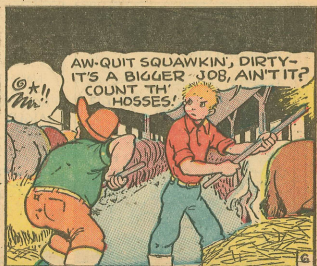
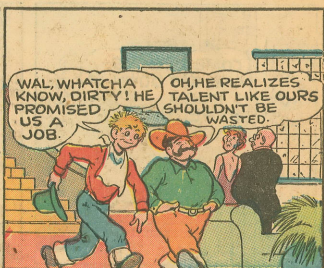
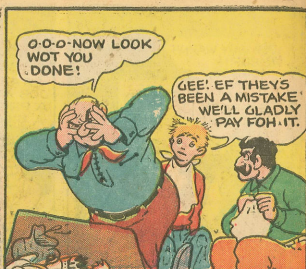




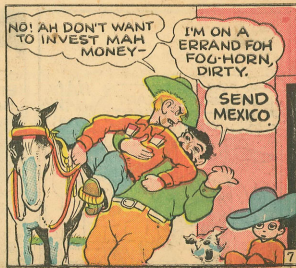
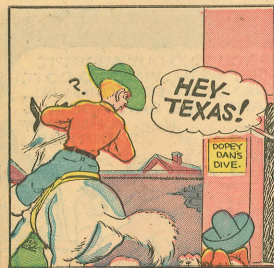
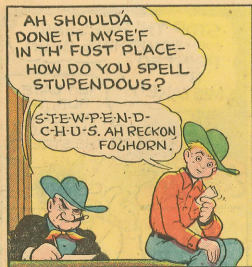
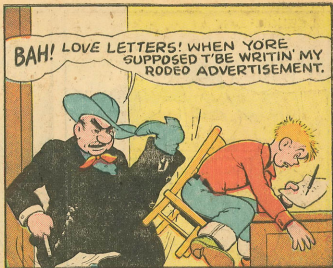




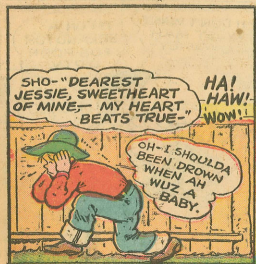
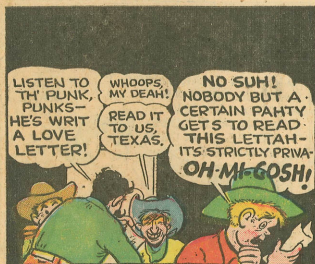
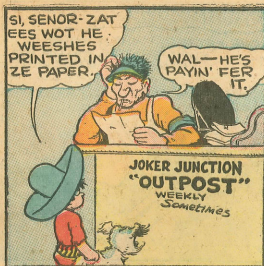


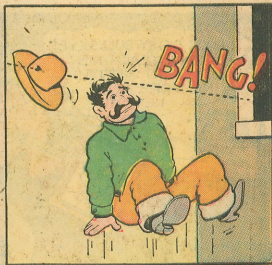




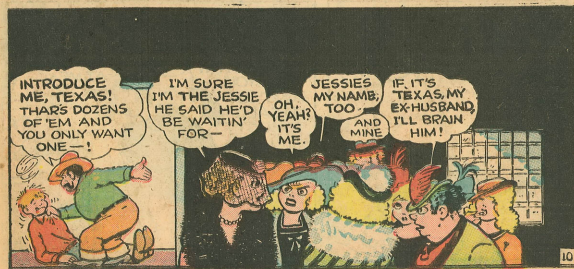
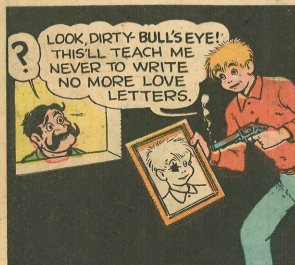
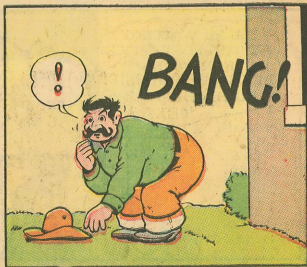














## ...SYNOPSIS

JONATHAN GALLANT IS A YOUNG FARMER GONE TO SEA AS A CORSAIR ON THE MERCHANT SHIP, SILVER SPRAY, SAILING HOME TO BOSTON FROM BARBADOS. THE SILVER SPRAY IS ATTACKED BY A NOTORIOUS PIRATE — THE RAVEN. FOREWARNED, HOWEVER, JONATHAN CAPTURES THE BUCCANEERS SHIP, WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL ABOARD... BUT NOT THE RAVEN, WHO IS REPORTED DROWNED...

THAT EVENING... AS THE SKIPPER MAKES HIS DAILY ENTRY IN THE LOG OF THE 'SILVER SPRAY':

YE KNOW, I WAS JUST THINKIN' I OUGHT TO LOOK IN ON OUR PASSENGER FOR A MINUTE OR SO!

AYE, JON, MAYHAP YE OUGHT, BUT...



'TWOULD BE BETTER IF YE PUT IT OFF 'TIL MORNIN'... A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP MIGHT BE MORE TO HER LIKIN' THAN A VISIT FROM YOU... BESIDES 'T WILL BE FOUR OR FIVE DAYS AFORE WE MAKE PORT AT SAN SALVADOR AND GET RID OF THAT BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS IN THE BRIG FORWARD!





**'T**IS STRANGE,  
HOW A FEW  
SIMPLE WORDS  
OF  
DISSUASION,  
CAN SO EASILY  
ALTER THE  
NORMAL COURSE  
OF EVENTS!

...  
HAD THE SKIPPER  
LET JON GO, THE  
ENSUING WEIRD  
AND EXCITING  
INCIDENTS WOULD  
NOT HAVE  
OCCURRED!  
...OR WOULD THEY?

FOR AT THAT MOMENT, LURKING  
JUST OUTSIDE OF THEIR QUARTERS:



THE DOGS!...THEY SHALL  
LEARN TO THEIR SORROW,  
THAT MATCHING WITS WITH  
ME IS A HAZARDOUS  
PASTIME!



*SAFELY HIDDEN, BY THE MANY  
SHIFTING SHADOWS, THE MYST-  
TERIOUS FIGURE DARTS FOR-  
WARD, WHERE THE "RAVEN'S"  
RECENTLY CAPTURED PIRATE  
CREW IS IMPRISONED.....*



"TIGER!!"  
"TIGER!!"  
COME HERE!  
QUICKLY!

WAKE UP, YE 'HULK!  
THERE'S SOMEONE  
TAPPIN' ON THE  
BARS AND  
CALLIN' YER  
NAME!



HUH? ME?  
...WHO BE IT?

HOW IN BLAZES  
SHOULD I KNOW?  
WHY DON'T YE  
GET UP AND  
FIND OUT?



SHHH, "TIGER!!"  
QUIET, IT'S ME!

YOU! BUT IT CAN'T  
BE! THEY SAID  
YOU WERE.....I..I  
I THOUGHT....!!



YOU THOUGHT? YOU NEVER  
THOUGHT IN YOUR LIFE  
I DO THE THINKING!  
...NOW LISTEN CARE-  
FULLY, I HAVE A  
PLAN TO GET YOU  
ALL OUT OF THAT  
HOLE AND TAKE  
OVER THE SHIP!



QUICKLY, THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR OUT-  
LINES A DARING PLAN OF ESCAPE!...THEN...

SHH...SOMEONES COMING!  
...IT'S THE DECK WATCH!  
...I MUST GO NOW...  
REMEMBER...EIGHT BELLS  
ON THE DOG WATCH!



WHO'S THAT WHISPERING?  
WHO'S THERE? BLASTED  
DOG WATCH GIVES ME THE  
CREEPS! ALWAYS THINK  
I HEAR VOICES!



YOU'RE RIGHT,  
SAILOR, THE  
CREAK AND  
GROAN OF AN  
OLD SAILING  
VESSEL DOES  
PLAY FRANKS  
ON HIGHLY  
IMAGINATIVE  
AND SUPERSTITIOUS  
SAILORMEN...

**BUT...**

THIS TIME  
TIS NO FIGMENT  
OF THE MIND!  
THOSE WERE  
REAL VOICES  
YOU HEARD!



A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...ALL IS SERENE...  
THE "SILVER SPRAY" FLOWS STEADILY ON HER WAY!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE FORWARD END OF THE SHIP...  
A SERIES OF WILD SCREAMS REND THE NIGHT!!



CAPTAIN GALLANT! SKIPPER!  
COME QUICK! THE PRISONERS!  
THEY'RE KILLIN' EACH  
OTHER! HURRY!



C'MON, 'SKIPPER!  
LIVELY! THERE'S A  
RUCKUS IN THE  
FOG'SLE!



OW! MY SHIN! CONFOUND  
THAT STOOL! MAKE A LIGHT  
WILL YE LAD, AFORE!  
BREAK MUH FOOL NECK!



IF THEM BLASTED SWABS ARE DOIN' THIS TO BE FUNNY, I WON'T WAIT TO DELIVER 'EM FOR TRIAL, I'LL SWING 'EM ON A YARDARM MESELF, COME DAWN!

LOOK OUT FOR TRICKS, SKIPPER. KEEP THAT PISTOL COCKED WHEN I OPEN THE DOOR!

STAND CLEAR! ALL O' YE! OVER AGAINST THE WALL! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? ...AND WHAT'S AILIN' HIM?

AVAST YE SCUM! ONE FALSE MOVE OUT O' YE AND IT'LL BE YER LAST!

WELL, C'MON, SPEAK UP! WHAT'S ALL THE YELLIN' FOR?

'E SAYS 'E SEEN 'EM, 'E DID! ...THE GHOSTS O' THE MEN 'E DONE IN! ...BEGGIN' YER PARDON, SIR, BUT WHAT MIGHT OUR POSITION BE, ABOUT NOW?

WHAT HAS OUR POSITION GOT TO DO WITH ALL THIS?

PLENTY! MAYBE WE'RE ENTERIN' THE HAUNTED WATERS!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THE HAUNTED WATERS! OHHH! HEAVEN HELP US! ...WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN! OOOOHHH!

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! ...THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE HAUNTED WATERS! GET BACK TO SLEEP, AND DON'T LET ME HEAR ANYMORE OF THIS NONSENSE!

BUT THERE IS AND WE'RE IN 'EM! ...TIS THE PLACE WHERE THE ONES YE'VE KILLED COMES BACK TO PLAGUE YE! TURN AWAY! I SAY! OOOHH!

ON DECK...THE CREW OF THE "SILVER SPRAY" AROUSED BY THE COM. MOTION LISTEN IN AWE! EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM GULLIBLE AND SUPERSTITIOUS MEN OF THE SEA!

THE HAUNTED WATER! 'TIS TRUE I'VE HEARD THE TALE

THE SKIPPER KNOWS! HE'LL CHANGE OUR COURSE!

HE'S RIGHT, JON, IF THESE BE THE HAUNTED WATERS, 'TIS BEST WE YEER OFF!

AYE, WE'LL CHANGE OUR COURSE FOR YE, BUT NOT UNTIL I'VE SEEN ONE O' YER BLASTED SPOOKS MYSELF! NOW, GET TO SLEEP! ALL O' YE!

WITH A FINAL ADMONITION, JON AND THE SKIPPER RETURN TO THEIR QUARTERS!

YE'RE A HEADSTRONG LAD, JON. I HOPE YE DON'T RUE YER DECISION!

WHAT WAS IT, CAPTAIN GALLANT? I WAS AROUSED BY THE SCREAMING, IT TERRIFIED ME!



IT WAS NOTHING, LASS, JUST SOME SILLY SAILOR SUPERSTITION ABOUT HAUNTED WATERS AND GHOSTS OF MURDERED MEN AND SUCH... ALL POPPYCOCK. THE ROGUES WANTED US TO CHANGE OUR COURSE BUT I REFUSED!

THE HAUNTED WATERS! I SEEM TO HAVE A VAGUE RECOLLECTION OF HAVING HEARD OF THEM!...AND YOU REFUSED TO CHANGE YOUR COURSE? DIDN'T YOU EVER KILL A MAN, CAPTAIN GALLANT?



AYE, QUITE A FEW I GUESS, SINCE I'VE BEEN PROTECTING THIS SHIP... BUT IT WAS EITHER KILL OR BE KILLED, THEY ATTACKED US! NOW YOU BETTER GET BACK TO SLEEP AND DON'T BOTHER YOUR PRETTY HEAD ABOUT ALL THIS! GOOD NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT, CAPTAIN GALLANT!



...JON, I WISH YE HADN'T BEEN SO STUBBORN ABOUT GOIN' THROUGH THE HAUNTED WATERS... EVEN OUR OWN CREW IS ACTIN' MIGHTY UNEASY!

DON'T WORRY, THEY WON'T SEE ANY GHOSTS, CAUSE THERE'S NONE TO SEE... THEY'LL GET OVER THEIR TREMBLES SOON ENOUGH!



A HALF HOUR LATER... ALL IS QUIET AGAIN. THE SKIPPER TOSSES FITFULLY... BUT JON, THE CORSAIR, IS FAST ASLEEP!



MEANWHILE.. IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS.. "FISHMOUTH," A NEWLY ACQUIRED MEMBER OF THE CREW, DECIDES TO RISK A VISIT TO THE GALLEY!

THERE OUGHT TO BE A BIT O' GROG AROUND... AFTER THIS NIGHTS DOIN'S I NEED A SPOT OR TWO TO BOLSTER ME NERVES!

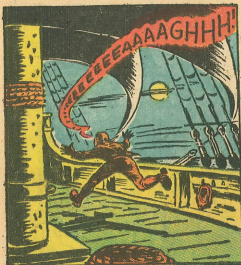


HALF WAY TO HIS DESTINATION, HE TURNS TO SEE IF HIS PROWLINGS HAVE BEEN NOTICED!

NO! NO! NO!  
IT AINT SO!  
IT AINT SO  
YAAAHHH!  
HELP! HELP!







HELP! CAPTAIN GALLANT!  
HELP! HE'S OUT THERE!  
...ON THE FOC'SLE! I SEEN  
'IM! 'TIS THE GHOST OF  
THE RAVEN!

THE RAVEN!  
BLAST ME! THIS  
NONSENSE HAS  
GONE FAR ENOUGH!  
...I'LL SETTLE THIS  
RIGHT NOW!



DIRECTLY AHEAD,  
FRAMED IN THE BERY  
RADIANCE OF THE FOC'SLE  
STANDS THE SPECTRE OF  
THE RAVEN!



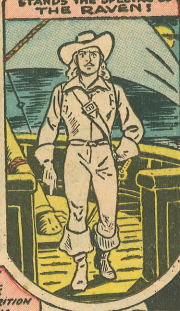
OPEN THAT  
DOOR, FISHMOUTH,  
AND STAND  
CLEAR!

WAIT, JON,  
WAIT!  
YE DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YE'RE FACIN'!



WITH A DESPAIRING SOB,  
FISHMOUTH SWINGS THE  
DOOR WIDE AND THE  
CORSAIR CHARGES OUT!

WHA...?



ABANDON YOUR SHIP,  
CORSAIR, OR GO DOWN  
TO THE BOTTOM OF  
THE OCEAN IN IT!

THE AROUSED CREW  
RUSHES ON DECK...  
ALREADY JUMPY, ONE  
GLANCE AT THE APPARITION  
IS ENOUGH AND BEDLAM  
BREAKS LOOSE!!!

TAKE TO THE BOATS!  
...WE'RE DOOMED!

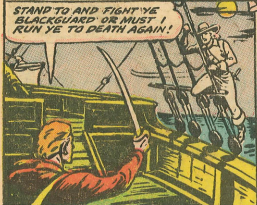
'TIS THE  
GHOST OF  
THE RAVEN!

HELP!!  
LEMMIE  
OUT'A  
HERE!





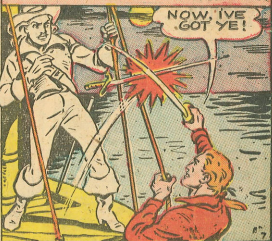
AS THE CORSAIR LEAPS TO THE ATTACK, THE GHOST EXECUTES AN AMAZING MANEUVER!... DASHING TO THE SHROUDS HE SCRAMBLES RAPIDLY ALOFT!!



REACHING THE CROSS-PLATFORM THE GHOST TURNS SUDDENLY WITH SWORD LEVELLED FOR BATTLE!

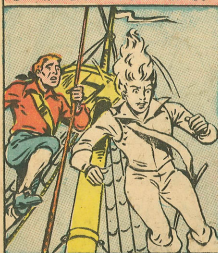


THE GHOST LUNGES!...THE CORSAIR COUNTERS!





**BUT... THE CORSAIR IS WRONG!**



**PRETTY HEALTHY SPLASH FOR A GHOST! AYE MUCH TOO HEALTHY! HE'S NOT GETTIN' AWAY THAT EASY!**



**NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!**



**HEAVE TO!  
DROP THE  
SEA ANCHOR!  
MAN OVERBOARD!**



**FOR A MOMENT THE BLACK  
WATERS SWIRL EMPTY...  
THEN SUDDENLY BREAKS AS  
TWO HEADS APPEAR!**



**YOU!**



**A HALF-HOUR LATER...EXPLANATIONS ARE IN ORDER!**

**WHY I MASQUERADED AS A MAN  
AND BECAME THE NOTORIOUS  
"RAVEN" IS A STRANGE STORY,  
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, SO  
IT DOESN'T MATTER...BUT HOW  
YOU, A SAILOR, DARED TO ATTACK  
ME IN MY ROLE OF A GHOST  
IS MORE THAN I CAN  
FATHOM!**

**COVERING YOURSELF  
WITH FLOUR AND  
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF  
SAILOR SUPERSTITION WAS  
A GOOD IDEA, EXCEPT  
FOR ONE THING, I AM  
NOT A SAILOR, I'M A  
FARMER!**

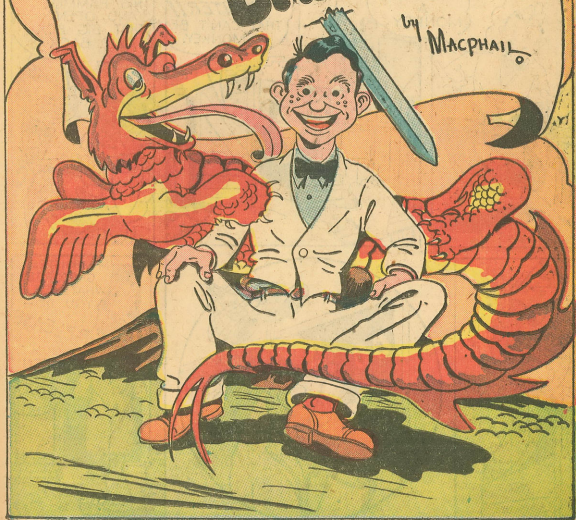


**AYE, AND  
FARMERS  
AINT NO WAY  
SUPERSTITIOUS  
AT ALL, AT ALL!  
...AND FALSE  
MOUSTACHES  
AND FLOUR  
DONT SET  
WELL IN TOO  
MUCH WATER!**

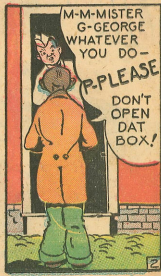
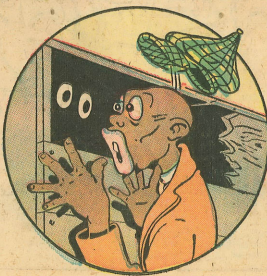
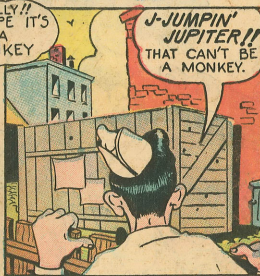
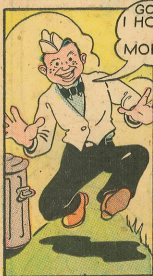
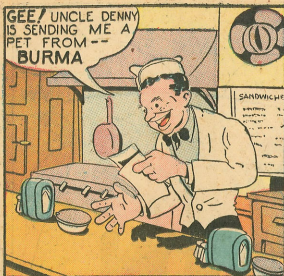
**WHAT IS THE STRANGE STORY OF THE RAVEN?  
WHAT WEIRD QUIRK OF FATE COULD PROMPT HER  
TO BECOME A PIRATE?. DONT MISS THE NEXT  
THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE "CORSAIR"...**

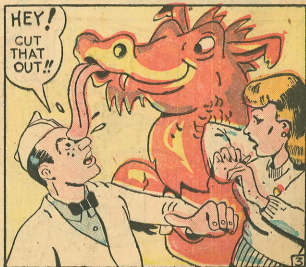
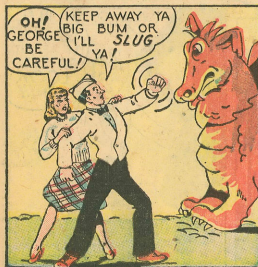
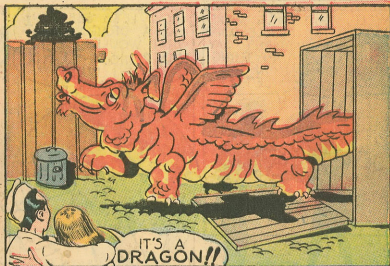
# GEORGE *and the* DRAGON

by MACPHAIL

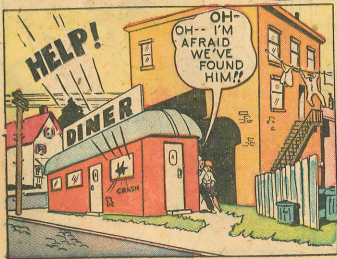
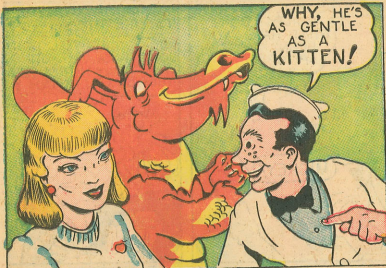


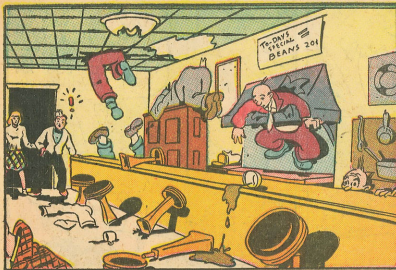




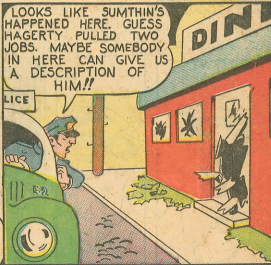
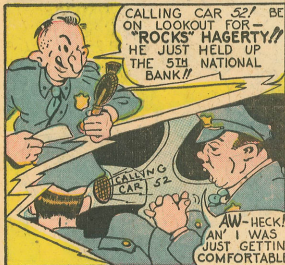




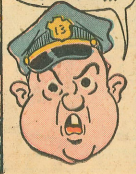




IT WAS HORRIBLE!!  
REGULAR MONSTER  
IT WAS! CAME THRU  
HERE LIKE A-A-ER-A  
CYCLONE!  
YESSIR!



I'M A REASONABLE GUY, BUT WHEN YOU SAY HE HAD SCALES AN' WINGS, BROTHER-- THAT'S TOO MUCH!!!

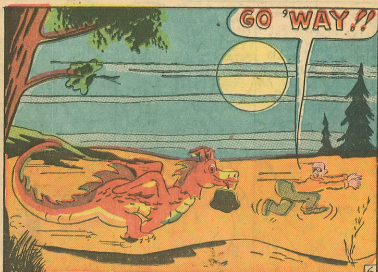
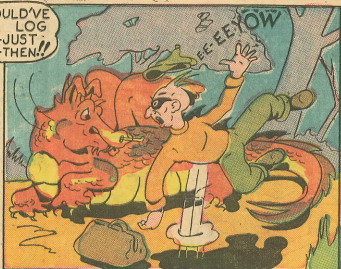
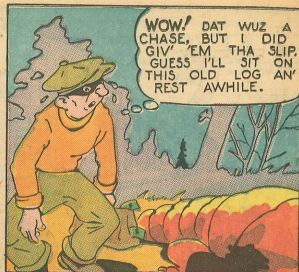


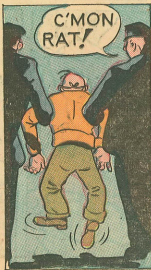
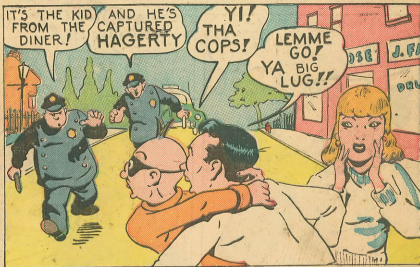
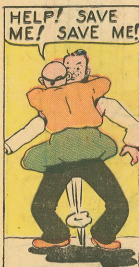
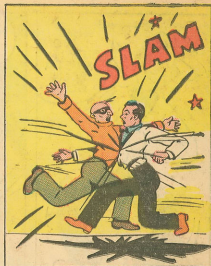
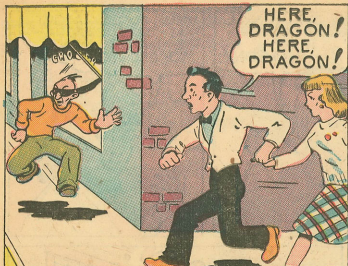
NUTTIER'N A FRUIT CAKE-- ALL OF 'EM! I KNOW HAGERTY HASN'T GOT FLOPPY EARS AN' A LONG TAIL! MAYBE HE WENT UP ELM ST. LET'S GO!!

GOLLY MICKEY, I WONDER HOW THEY KNEW ABOUT THE DRAGON! WE'D BETTER FIND HIM BEFORE THEY DO. THEY MIGHT SHOOT HIM!

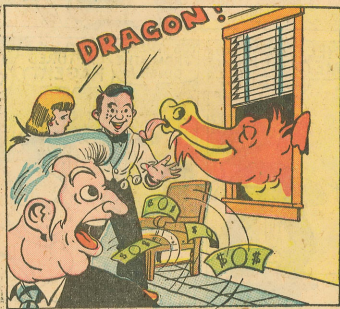












# MR. IN-BETWEEN

by VERNON HENKEL

THEY CALL HIM MR. IN-BETWEEN BECAUSE HE IS BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE UNDERWORLD! WHEN A PROMINENT MINING ENGINEER GETS BUMPED OFF IT LOOKS LIKE THE MURDER WILL BE PINNED ON HIS UNSUSPECTING WIFE UNTIL **CARTER MASON** STEPS IN TO PROVE THAT TWO CAN PLAY AT THE GAME OF **INTRIGUE!**



THE CRACK OF A GUN ENDS A BRIEF DISCUSSION IN A PARK AVENUE APARTMENT

CONRAD LESTER, YOU ARE NO FURTHER USE TO OUR ORGANIZATION!

NO!  
D-UNGH!

BANG!



CONRAD!  
NO!

EXTRA! MORNING DISPATCH  
**MINING ENGINEER  
MURDERED!!**  
WIFE SUSPECTED  
OF THE SLAYING





IN A MID-TOWN OFFICE...

SO THEY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM! I WONDERED HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE HIM TO SELL OUT!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!



ARE YOU CARTER MASON?

VELVA LESTER! SIT DOWN - YOU'RE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE!



YES! THE POLICE THINK I KILLED MY HUSBAND - BUT I **DIDN'T**! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU CAN HELP ME PROVE MY INNOCENCE!

I BELIEVE YOU!



VELVA, DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR HUSBAND WAS WORKING WITH A GANG OF CRIMINALS WHO ARE RUNNING WILD IN THIS CITY?

NO! I-I'M SO MIXED UP - ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE WAS GOING TO QUIT SOME ORGANIZATION HEADED BY A MR. KNIGHT!

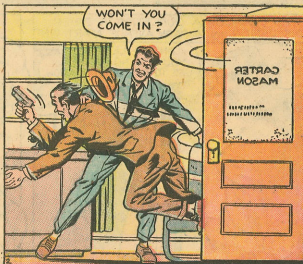


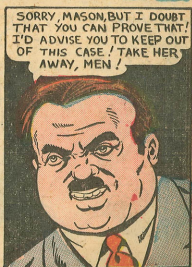
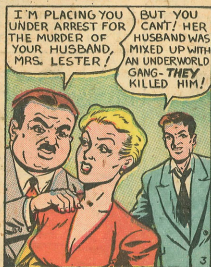
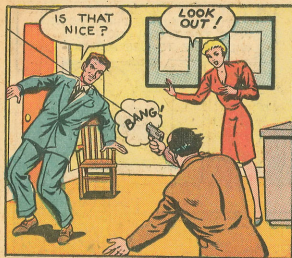
HE KEPT A RECORD OF HIS ACTIVITIES IN A LITTLE BOOK WHICH **DISAPPEARED** AFTER HE WAS KILLED!

JUST A MOMENT!



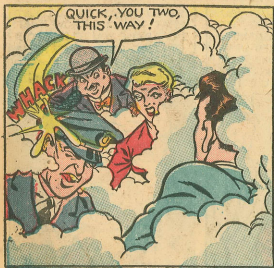
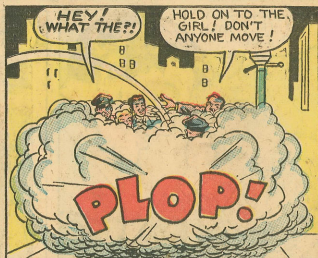
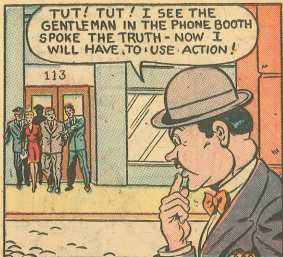
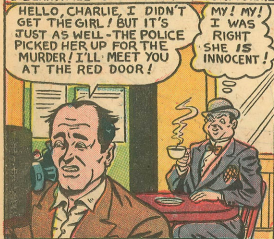
WON'T YOU COME IN?

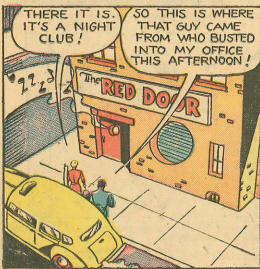
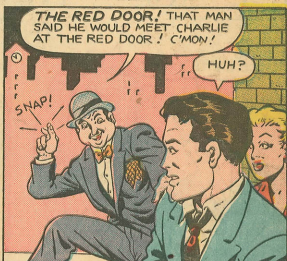






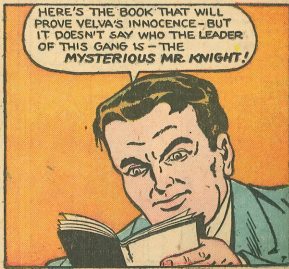
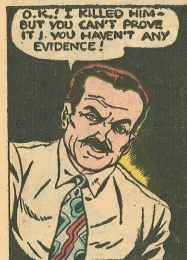
MEANWHILE - DOWNSTAIRS IN A DRUGSTORE

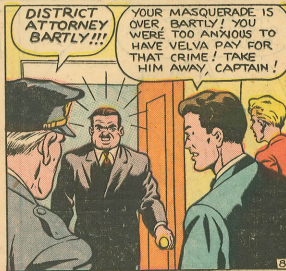








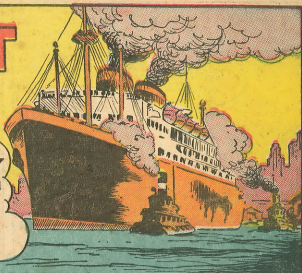




# TUGBOAT TIM

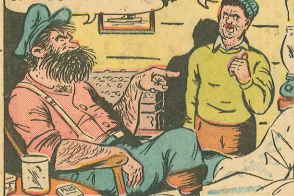


ALL ABOARD FOLKS!  
TIM IS OFF TO THE  
SHORE OF BROOKLYN  
AND THAT IS WHERE  
THE **FIREWORKS**  
BEGIN.....



BENNY BLOW, AS MATE  
OF TH 'JEZEBEL', YOU'LL BE IN  
COMMAND O' THAT TOW WE GOT  
SCHEDULED T'DAY...THE GOLT'S  
GOT ME ONE GOOD LEG...

AYE CAP'N  
CRUMM...YOU  
KIN COUNT  
ON ME!

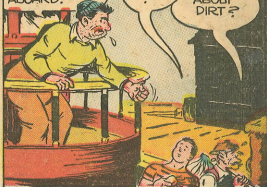


LATER, ABOARD THE JEZEBEL JONES.....

C'MON YOU SWABS...  
I WANT THIS TUB SHIP.  
SHAPE! WE GOT  
COMPANY COMIN'  
ABOARD!

WHAT'S  
HE LIP  
TO,  
YONSON?

'AT BENNY!  
SINCE VEN  
VAS HE  
VORRIED  
ABOUT  
DIRT?



AH...MISS SCARLET  
HOW NICE OF YOUSE  
TO COME ABOARD.

NEVER MIND  
THE OIL, BENNY...  
IT'S A NICE DAY  
FOR A RIDE...AND  
I'M CURIOUS ABOUT  
THIS "SURPRISE"  
YOU HAVE!

SO THAT'S  
IT!?



YOU'LL FIND OUT THE  
SURPRISE IN A MINUTE.  
SCARLETT WHEN WE PICK  
UP THE TOW...!

?





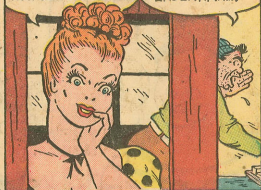
**FIREWORKS!**

RIGHT!  
TWO LOADS OF  
'EM, TOO.



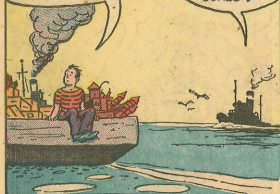
YOU MEAN YOU'RE  
GOING TO HAUL THEM  
TO CONEY ISLAND FOR  
TONIGHT'S CELEBRATION...  
AND WE'LL HAVE FRONT  
ROW SEATS...OH BOY!

I KNEW YOU'D  
LIKE IT, BABY...  
ALL RIGHT. YOU  
LUBBERS... GET  
GOIN'... LET'S GET  
UNDERWAY...

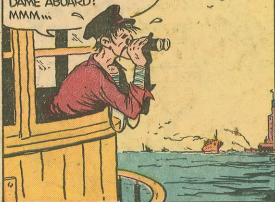


BOY! DOES THAT BENNY  
THINK HE'S A HOTSHOT NOW...  
SHOWIN' OFF FOR SCARLETT  
FEVVA... SIGH... GEE SHE  
IS PURTY...

LOOK!  
CAPN FLUGLE!  
THERE'S THE  
"JEZEBEL JONES"!



WELL BATTEN MY HATCH  
AND CALL ME FLAT TOP...  
THAT GROG-HAPPY MATE,  
BENNY BLOW, HAS A  
DAME ABOARD!  
MMM...



**BATS!!**  
GIVE ME A  
CEE-GAR... I  
WANT T'THINK!

SURE, CAPN  
FLUGLE, IF  
YUH THINK  
'AT'LL  
DO IT...

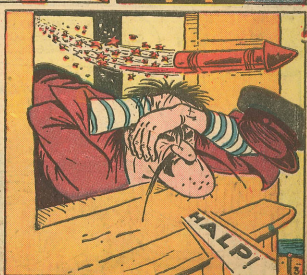
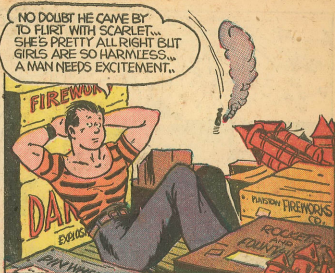
PUT 'ER HARD  
BY TH' JEZEBEL  
JONES... I WANT  
T'GET A CLOSE  
LOOK AT 'ER...

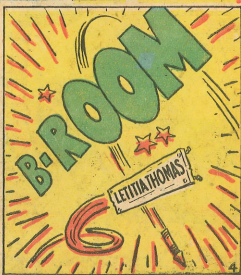
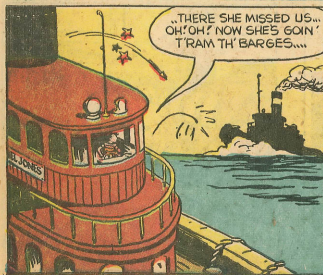
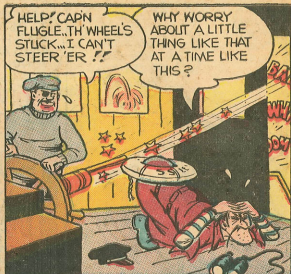
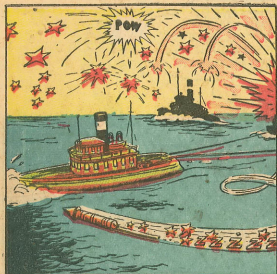
AYE  
AYE  
CAPN!



OH OH!  
THERE'S  
CAPN FLUGLE...  
NOW WHAT'S  
HE UP  
TO?





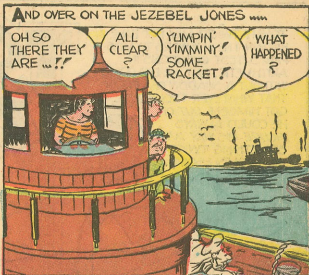






ME AND MY IDEAS ...!!

SHE STEERS OK NOW, CAPN' FLUGLE ...



AND OVER ON THE JEZEBEL JONES ...

OH SO THERE THEY ARE ...!!

ALL CLEAR ?

YUMPIN' YIMMINY! SOME RACKET!

WHAT HAPPENED ?



HOW KIN I FACE CAPN CRUMM ... I CAN'T DELIVER TH' FIREWOIKS AN' HELL LOSE HIS DOUGH ...

BOY! WILL HE BE MAD ...!



NOW ... 1/4 MILE AWAY AT CONEY ISLAND ...

LOUIE ... YOU'RE T'BE CONGRATCH-OO-LATED ... AT WUZ TH' FINEST DISPLAY OF FIREWOIKS I EVER SEEN ...

YEAH ... YEAH ... IT WAS KINDA ... NOVEL ... WASN'T IT ? (AND NUTTIN' LIKE I PLANNED ...)



TIMMY YOU WERE WONDERFUL ...

POOR BENNY ... CAPN CRUMM'LL SURE LACE HIM ...

GULP



BENNY ME BOY ... I JUST GOT A MESSAGE CONGRATULATIN' US ON TH' FINE HANDLIN' OF THE FIREWOIKS AN' I ... ?? ... HEY!

FAINT



SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR ...!

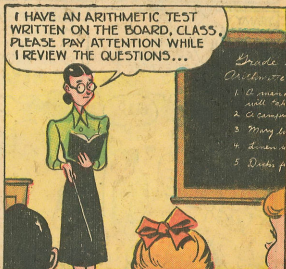
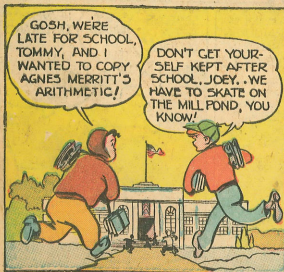
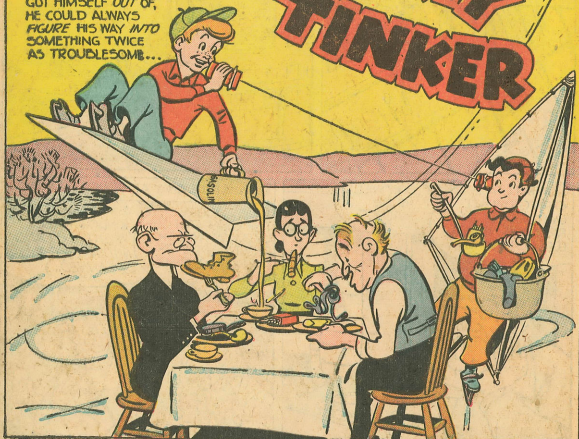
SEE ? WHAT'D I TELL TUH ...

HEAVENS ... I'M LEAVING I'VE HAD ENOUGH FIREWOIKS FOR ONE DAY ...!

THE END.

TOMMY TINKER MAY NOT HAVE KNOWN THE ANSWERS TO MISS PRIM'S TEST QUESTIONS IN ARITHMETIC, BUT HE DID PROVE WITHOUT A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT WHATEVER TROUBLE HE GOT HIMSELF OUT OF, HE COULD ALWAYS FIGURE HIS WAY INTO SOMETHING TWICE AS TROUBLESOME...

# TOMMY TINKER



NUMBER ONE. A MAN USES EIGHT GALLONS OF GASOLINE TO DRIVE 145 MILES. HOW MUCH GASOLINE WILL TAKE HIM 96 MILES? NUMBER TWO ...

A CAMPING PARTY ALLOWS  $1\frac{3}{8}$  POUNDS OF MEAT, ETC., ETC.

GOSH I HAVE TO BEAT THIS TEST OR I'M STUCK AFTER SCHOOL!

THIS HAS TO WORK OR I'M SUNK!

HEY, JOEY!

AW, WHADDYA WANT?

CATCH!

OKAY, I GOT IT!

OH, GOLLY! THAT DRAFT THROUGH THE WINDOW...!

WOULDN'T THAT HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME?

WELL! THIS IS TRULY THE AGE OF AIRPOWER!



HMMM. 'JOEY, GET AGNES MERRITT TO WRITE THE ANSWERS DOWN AND SAIL IT BACK. TOMMY...

VERY INTERESTING, TOMMY! SUPPOSE YOU TAKE THIS TEST AFTER SCHOOL IN MR. BRUSH'S OFFICE!



JUST TO MAKE SURE JOEY DOESN'T TAKE THE ANSWERS TO TOMMY. HE WILL WORK IN THE CAFETERIA THIS AFTER-NOON!

AW GOSH! I MEAN, YES, MA'AM!



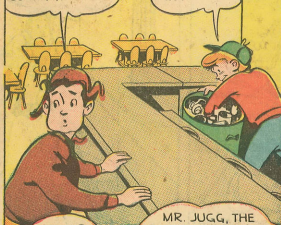
AT RECESS...

SOME MESS YOU MADE, TOMMY! I HAVE TO COOK FOR THE P.T.A. MEETING MISS PRIM! WE'LL BOTH SAID! GET OUT OF THIS! COME ON TO THE CAFETERIA NOW!



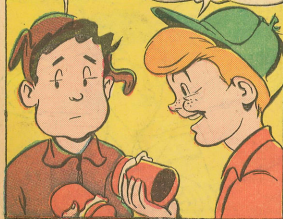
HURRY UP! I THINK SOMEBODY'S COMING!

I GOT TWO EMPTY TIN CANS. LET'S GO!



YEAH? WHAT ABOUT THE SOUP I GOT TO MAKE?

MR. JUGG, THE JANITOR, WILL DO IT TILL YOU GET BACK! MISS PRIM WON'T KNOW YOU'RE GONE!



WHADDYA MEAN, WE HAVE A TELEPHONE? AND SO WHAT?

HERE'S WHAT. YOU GET THE QUIZ ANSWERS FROM AGNES MERRITT AND CLIMB THE TREE OUTSIDE MR. BRUSH'S OFFICE!

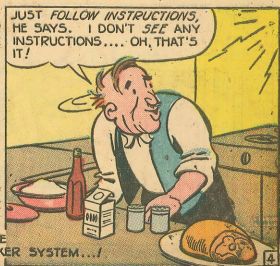
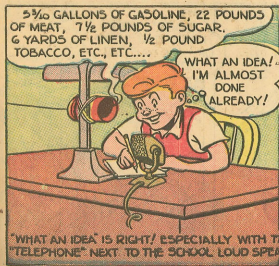
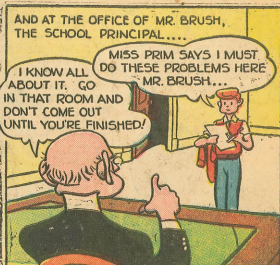


AFTER SCHOOL...

HEY, MR. JUGG! YOU WANT A BOWL OF SOUP?



WELL, NOW, I GUESS I DO, JOEY!



"WHAT AN IDEA" IS RIGHT! ESPECIALLY WITH THE "TELEPHONE" NEXT TO THE SCHOOL LOUD SPEAKER SYSTEM...!

5  $\frac{3}{10}$  GALLONS  
OF GASOLINE, 22  
POUNDS OF MEAT,  
7  $\frac{1}{2}$  POUNDS OF SUGAR,  
6 YARDS OF LINEN,  
ETC., ETC....

JOEY DIDN'T SAY  
INSTRUCTIONS WOULD  
COME THAT-A-WAY, BUT  
I'M GETTIN' EM WROTE  
DOWN....

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

IT WAS CUTE OF TOMMY  
TO READ HIS ANSWERS  
TO MR. BRUSH OVER THE  
LOUDSPEAKER SO I COULD  
HEAR THEM.  
NOW I'LL  
SEE HOW  
JOEY IS  
DOING....

BACK, HUH, JOEY?  
I COULDN'T FIND  
NO LINEN SO I  
THREW IN MY  
SHIRT--

YOU WHAT! ---  
EEEEEEEEKKK!

SQUEAK

ULP-- MISS PRIM!  
GOSH, I THOUGHT,  
ER I--!

GET OUT OF  
HERE! **GET OUT!**

AND **STAY OUT!** I'LL  
CALL THE POLICE! I'LL  
CALL THE BOARD OF  
EDUCATION! **I'LL SCREAM!!**

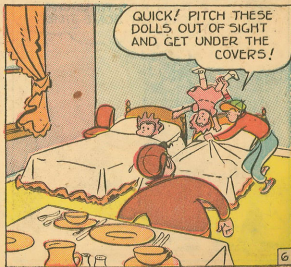
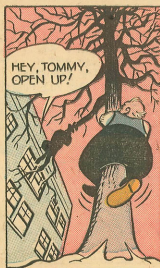
**HELP! HELP!**  
**BLUB-BLUB!**

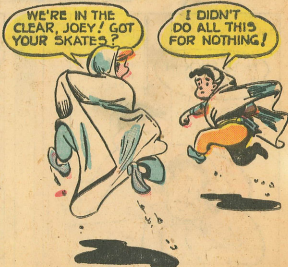
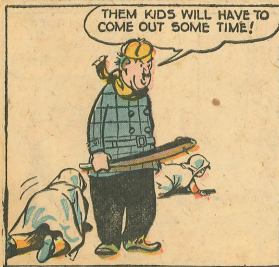
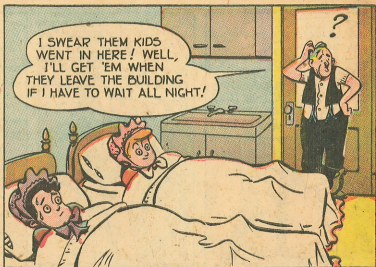
I'LL CATCH THAT  
DURN KID AND I'LL  
WRING HIS NECK!!

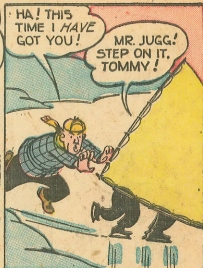
THANKS, JOEY!  
HURRY THAT SOUP  
UP! I'LL WAIT OUT-  
SIDE!

OKAY, I HAVE TO  
GET BACK  
TO MR. JUGG!



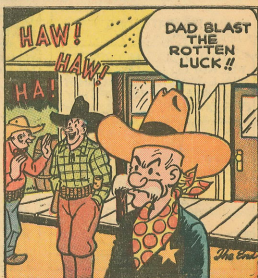
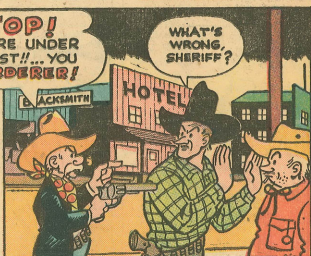
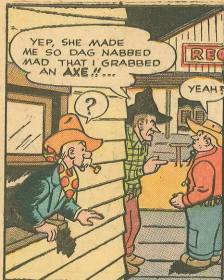


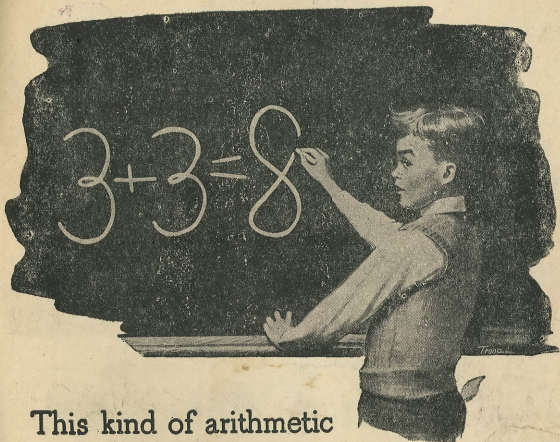






# SHERIFF SHUDERS





## This kind of arithmetic may put Johnny through college

Here's how it works out:

**\$3 put into U. S. Savings Bonds today  
will bring back \$4 in 10 years.**

**Another \$3 will bring back another \$4.**

So it's quite right to figure that 3 plus 3 equals 8 . . . or 30 plus 30 equals 80 . . . or 300 plus 300 equals 800!

It will . . . in U.S. Savings Bonds. And those bonds may very well be the means

of helping you educate your children as you'd like to have them educated.

So keep on buying Savings Bonds—available at banks and post offices. Or the way that millions have found easiest and surest—through Payroll Savings. Hold on to all you've bought.

You'll be mighty glad you did . . .  
10 years from now!

**SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS**

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